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# Winters Advocate.

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## The Winters Advocate.

DR. W. C. HARDING,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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Winters, Yolo County, Cal.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

By mail, post-paid, per annum, in advance.....$3 00
Six months, in advance.....2 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one time.....$1 00
Each additional insertion.....50
One column, four weeks.....20 00
Half column, four weeks.....12 00

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TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
Full Sets Teeth on Gold Plate, $100.
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WILL BE IN
WINTERS one-fourth of the time
See Local Notices.
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HAVING purchased, thoroughly renovated and refurnished this old and favorite house throughout, the patronage of the traveling and resident public is respectfully solicited.
GOOD BOARDING AND COMFORTABLE ROOMS
At REASONABLE PRICES by the DAY or WEEK. The TABLE will be supplied with the best the market affords.
No Chinese Cooks Employed.
☞ Free 'BUS to and from all passenger trains.
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FIRST STREET
**LIVERY STABLES**
(Rear of Freeman & Co's Store),
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FIRST-CLASS TURN-OUTS, MODERATE CHARGES.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO BOARDING HORSES.
☞ A Mammoth Corral and Feed Yard attached for the accommodation of Large Teams. oct3

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VACAVILLE,
and WINTERS.
LIQUID NITROUS OXIDE
(the only perfectly safe anæsthetic.)
Administered for the painless
**Extraction of Teeth.**
FIRST-CLASS OPERATIONS, ONLY, SOLICITED.
☞ Address all communications to office at Suisun.

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**Fashionable Dressmaker.**
**Mrs. John Webber,**
THE WELL KNOWN
FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER,
Has Removed to
A. Alexander's White House,
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND,
Where she is prepared to make Dresses of all kinds in the LATEST STYLES. She does her work neatly and promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ All orders from the country, for Dress Goods or Trimmings, will receive prompt attention.
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**BROWN'S**
**Livery and Feed Stable,**
First and Baker Sts.
HORSES AND CARRIAGES
ON HAND
DAY AND NIGHT.
Horses Boarded by Day or Month
AT REASONABLE RATES.
nov4-tf H. BROWN, Prop'r.

**EXCHANGE**
**Wine and Billiard Parlors,**
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.
ABE MORRIS, - - - Proprietor.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
TWO FINE NEW BILLIARD TABLES HAVE JUST BEEN SET UP.
☞ Give me a call. m18-tf


## Declined, With Thanks.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

You write me you will be my "friend"
Henceforth—a "sister," nothing more,
And so on, to your letter's end,
With cruel pity, o'er and o'er,
As though you deemed the past a breath
Upon life's mirror deep and bland,
That nothing of the breather saith
When blotted by a jeweled hand.

But pardon me if I decline
Friendship's, or sister's sacred tie
With one who thus can dash the wine
Of love that mantled late so high,
And all the burning looks that swam
Above the beaker turn to naught,
As points for future epigram
To while the worldly after-thought.

If, while you fed my flame with sighs,
Soft-whispered vows, shy kisses given,
And under-lidded glance of eyes,
Whence lovers build their hopes of heaven,
You merely meant to idle by
Some tedious hours—to "draw me out"—
Forgive me if your friendship I
Should deem too light to care about.

Or, if a darker purpose ruled,
To take a heart by stratagem,
And then, as your amusement cooled,
To wring, to torture, and contemn,
Forgive me still if I should not,
In folding fancy's broken wing,
Crave sisterhood in deed or thought
From such a vile, revolting thing.

Thanks for my letters! Here are yours,
With photograph and lock of hair,
And, if their memory yet endures
As something that could once ensnare,
Flaunt them as rallying flags, I pray,
Above the long and reesling ranks
Of those who, at some future day,
Your friendship may decline with thanks.

## Carrying His Own Bundle.

In the dullest part of the dullest county of England is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of T.

Once, there happened to the said little town a very dull season. Every town on the coast besides was full of company—bathers, walkers, donkey-riders, saunterers and peddle-gatherers; yet the luckless town of T. was comparatively empty. Huge placards with "Lodgings to let" stared everybody in the face, from every window in every direction.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at T., when one hot day, in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter that town corporate. This stranger entered the town in so questionable a shape, that the very fourth and fifth castes in T. stood aloof, holding themselves above him. Even the shop-keepers, mantua-makers, and waiters at the taverns, felt their noses curl up intuitively at him. The groups of loiterers, collected at the doors of the inns, passed contemptuous comments on him as he pursued his way, and the fashionables that were to be seen in the streets cast supercilious glances of careless superiority upon him, for he was on foot and alone, attired in a coat, waistcoat, and in short a whole suit, of that sort of mixed cloth called pepper-and-salt-colored, with a black silk handkerchief tied about his neck in a nautical style. He wore sea-boots pulled over his knees, and to complete the picture, carried a large bundle in a red silk handkerchief at the end of a stout oaken cudgel over his shoulder.

"I'll warrant me, Jack, that 'ere fist of his would prove a knock-me-down argument," said a sailor to one of his shipmates, who was intently surveying the stranger.

"Ey, ey, my lad, make yourself sure of that," replied Jack, between whom and the stranger a single look of recognition had been exchanged, *en passant*.

"He's a rum sort of fish, howsomever," rejoined the first speaker, "and I wonder what wind cast him on this shore. He don't look like a landsman, for all his pepper-and-salt gear. Mayhap you know somewhat about him, Jack."

"Mayhap I do," replied Jack, pursing up his mouth with a look of importance; but I haven't sailed so many years in the king's service without learning to keep my own counsel—aye, and another's too, on occasion; and I'd advise you, Ben, my boy, to take another observation of his fist, before you go to crack your jokes on him!" said Jack; and Ben having done so, wisely determined on keeping his distance.

There certainly was a characteristic something in the stranger, from the tie of his handkerchief to the slight roll in his gait, that savored of a seafaring life. Even his way of setting on his hat had not the look of a landsman. The act of sturdy independence with which he shouldered his bundle and trudged along, showed that he considered the opinions of the bystanders was a matter of perfect indifference. Yet there was that about him which forcibly arrested the attention of every one. People who would not own to themselves that they thought him worthy of notice, nevertheless turned round—to look at him again.

A sovereign procured him a supper and bed, and all things needful for rest and refreshments, at a small public house, whose crazy little creaking sign promised to travellers, "Good entertainment for man and horse."

The next morning, being disencumbered of the unpopular bundle at the end of that oaken cudgel, which he still either grasped or flourished in a most nautical fashion, he entered the reading-room of the town.

"It is no use putting down your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here," was the answer he received from the superintendent of this fashionable resort.

"Not on my paying the usual terms of subscription?" demanded the stranger.

"No, sir, we cannot admit persons of your description on any terms, sir."

"Persons of my description!" retorted the stranger, most emphatically, grasping his trusty cudgel; "and pray, sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?"

The Jack in office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied—

"Can't exactly say, sir, but I'm sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you."

"How do you know that, you saucy Jackanapes?" said the stranger, becoming a little choleric.

"Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, sir, and never on no account admit persons of your description."

"But it seems you do not know of what description I am."

"Why, sir, no one can expect to keep these sort of things secret."

"What, then, is it whispered about that I am?"

"Whispered! Lord, sir, it was in everybody's mouth before breakfast!"

"And what does everybody say?"

"That you are a broken-down miller hiding from creditors." And here he cast a shrewd glance on the threadbare pepper-and-salts of the stranger, who regarded him for a moment with a comic expression on his features, made him a profound bow, and walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this repulse, the stranger repaired to the place of general promenade and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which was seated two or three of those important people who had from time immemorial invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons of the place.

These worthies did not allow him time to make their acquaintance, but with an air as if they dreaded infection, they rose and departed. Not the least discomposed by the distaste the great men of little T. evinced for his society, the stranger drew from his pocket a box, lighted a cigar and smoked for some time with great relish.

At length, perceiving a new set of loungers on the promenade, he hastily dispatched his cigar, and approaching one of the other benches, addressed a few courteous, though trifling, observations to its occupants, three ladies and a gentleman; but had his remarks been either of a blasphemous or indelicate nature, they could not have been received with a greater appearance of consternation by the ladies, who rose alarmed at the liberty the man had taken, while the gentleman observed, with the most aristocratic demeanor, that he labored under a mistake in addressing those ladies.

"Sir," said the stranger, "you are right; I took you for persons of politeness and benevolence. Discovering my error, I crave your pardon and retire."

Although any reasonable person might have been satisfied from these specimens of the inhabitants, still "the man who carried his own bundle" persevered in his endeavors to find some liberal-minded person therein. From the highest to the lowest, a general feeling of suspicion seemed to pervade the bosoms of all, and the luckless stranger resided in the town a whole week without finding a single exception.

The habitual good temper, and light-hearted gaiety of the stranger was ruffled; and there was a compression on his brow, and an angry glow on his cheek, as he entered that notorious gossip-shop, the post-office. The mail had just arrived, and the letters having been sorted, were delivered to their respective claimants. But there was one letter that had not been claimed, which excited general curiosity.

According to invariable diurnal custom, all the town-people who had nothing to do, were assembled in or near the post-office—those who expected letters to receive them, and those who did not, to take note of the epistles directed to their neighbors.

The unclaimed letter was of a tempting appearance, surmounted with a coronet addressed to the Right Hon. Admiral Lord A—— B——, and franked by the Duke of A. Many were the surmises offered on the subject. Could it be possible that a man of his high rank meant to honor them with his presence for the season? But then he had not engaged lodgings. No matter, there were plenty disengaged. Lord A—— B—— would doubtless arrive that day with his suite. It would be the salvation of the town for the season to be able to announce such an arrival in the country papers. The presence of my lord was perhaps a prognostic of a visit from the duke and the mighty duchess.

During the discussion, in which by this time the whole town was engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle was so great as to betray them into the endeavor of forestalling Lord A—— B—— in reading all that was come-at-a-ble in his letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the worthy art of round-readings.

The stranger (who had remained an unnoticed listener in the crowd, and had quietly seen the letter passing from hand to hand through a large circle), now stepped into their midst, and making a low bow, said—

"Gentlemen, when you have amused yourselves sufficiently with that letter, I will thank you to hand it over to me, its rightful owner."

"To you!" exclaimed the whole town and corporation in a single breath, "this letter, which is franked and sealed by the Duke of A——, and addressed to Admiral Lord A—— B——?"

"I am he, gentlemen," said the stranger, making a sarcastic obeisance all around. "I see you do not think that the son of a duke can wear such a coat, and carry his own bundle on occasion. However, I see one within hail who can witness to my identity. Here, you Jack Braceyard, have you forgotten your old commander?"

"Forgotten your honor! No, no, my lord," exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle. "I knew your noble lordship the moment I saw you; but I remember your honor's humor too well to spoil your sport by saluting, when you thought fit to hoist foreign colors."

"Jack, you are an honest fellow, and here's a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathered many a hard gale together, and here's another for keeping my secret, old heart of oak. And now, gentlemen," continued Lord A—— B——, "if you are not yet satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proofs." As he spoke he produced from his pocket-book a bundle of letters, bearing the same superscription.

The postmaster immediately handed him the letter, and began a string of elaborate apologies, which his lordship did not stay to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled population of —— mute with consternation.

That afternoon, the whole corporation, sensible too late of their error, waited in a body on Lord A —— B—— to apologize for their mistake, and to entreat him to honor the town with his presence during the remainder of the season.

He was busily employed in tying up his bundle when the deputation entered, and he continued to adjust it all the time they were speaking. When they concluded, having tightened the last knot, he replied as follows:

"Gentlemen, I entered your town with every intention of thinking well of its inhabitants. But I came in a shabby coat, carrying my own bundle, and took up my quarters at a paltry alehouse, the only place where you would give me admittance. Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage. But, gentlemen, I am an odd fellow, as you see, and sometimes try whether I can obtain it without these adventitious distinctions; and the manner in which you treated me, while I appeared among you in the light of a poor and inoffensive stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality here. And I must inform you that I estimate your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and that I would not spend another night in your town if you would give it to me; and so good-morning."

As his lordship concluded, he attached his red bundle to the end of his bludgeon, and shouldering it, with a droll look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of the town with the same air of sturdy independence that he had trudged in.—*Belgravia.*

## Japanese Theatres.

The Japanese haven't yet learned the art of intensifying their enjoyments by abstemious indulgence. For instance, in their theatrical performances they take a whole three-volumed novel at a gulp. Think of sitting from eight o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening for amusement! "The entertainment," says the Japanese reporter, who prepared for the *Tokio Times* a paper on "Current Theatrical Attractions," "continues over thirteen hours. Rather a long time when compared with that of European theatres, where very seldom more than four hours are occupied." The Japanese gallants might be excused for going out between acts to take a rest. The play which the Japanese reporter has recorded, act by act, in a very conscientious manner, but of which he has not thought it worth while to mention the title (as it was being performed daily before crowded houses at the Shintomiza Theatre), is rather a disjointed affair. Its principal characters are an actor and two beggars, all of whom, from various motives, "shave their heads, change their names and take up the monastical life." There is a great deal of robbery and trickery, garnished at intervals with some lively love-making. In the midst of the drama, says the reporter, "there are two intermediate acts introduced, probably by way of relief to the long-sustained boisterousness of the principal piece, with which they are quite disconnected, and which illustrate the period of strife between the two great feudal families of Genji and Heike. These are to many the most imposing part of the whole performance. They commence at about two in the afternoon and end at four. Both the principal and intermediate plays are founded on facts, but as they are embellished to such an extent as is considered necessary to suit the stage, there remains but little which is identical with the events as they did actually take place." In this interpolation a high-toned gentleman cuts off the head of his son rather than that of his enemy's son, whom he had previously rescued from danger, and the high-toned son (ten or twelve years of age) "at once declared his willingness to make the sacrifice, and adds that it is but an ordinary obligation, which a son owes his parents." The reporter's language is good, only one "eccentricity" of expression appearing in the whole: "Hoshiyemon, wishing to get *red* of Mumakichi and his party without delay, offers him one hundred *rios* to depart." — *Courier-Journal.*

Dean Stanley's concluding words in New York, were as beautiful as they were appropriate. He said: "Near the shores of Lake George, the Loch Katrine of America, I saw an oak and a maple so joined that they seemed like one tree. I am reminded by this of the old oak of England, with its gnarled and twisted root, and the young shoot of America with its glorious promise of the future. May the union of the two trees on one root be always typical of the union of America and England."

Sub-contractors have purchased of the Phonograph Company the right to manufacture all toys that are susceptible of carrying a small phonograph, limited to sixty words. They have perfected the instruments and promise that we shall soon have dolls capable of carrying on quite a dialogue, also barking dogs, mewing cats, etc.

## The Fortune of the Ex-Prince Imperial and the Ex-Empress.

Apropos of the various reports circulating with regard to the rumored marriage of the ex-Prince Imperial and the Princess Thyra, of Denmark, it may not be uninteresting to see what the would-be benedict possesses in the shape of worldly goods. According to a recently published account, having every appearance of genuineness, the "Prince," personally, has only a small income of 40,000 francs per annum, brought in by his estate at Vincentini, near Goritz, in Illyria. He owes this revenue to the Princess Bacchiochi, who left it to him with her estate in Brittany. The Brittany property was, however, nearly all mortgaged, and when all was paid off, the property was reduced to nothing in particular. So much for the personal property of the young pretender.

It may be wondered that his father made no provision for him. The explanation is easy. When Napoleon made his will in 1866, he did not count on being dethroned by the revolution which occurred four years later. In 1866, the Emperor and Empress, then at the height of their power and prosperity, made each other a sort of exchange of donations, bequeathing their property in such a way as to allow the survivor the benefit of the other's property. The Emperor gave his wife Arenenburg, and assigned her as a place of residence in Paris, the Elysee, now the abode of the President. To his son he bequeathed the throne, fancying he thereby assured him the best of his possessions.

From this it will be seen that if the Empress were to hold strictly to the 1866 will the son of Napoleon III. would have a poor chance of marrying decently, his whole fortune consisting of the 40,000 francs per annum and a few trifles—all that the revolution left him.

A lot of imaginative statements have been made respecting the fortune of his mother, Eugenie. The Republicans have made her the possessor of fabulous sums, while, on the other hand, the Bonapartists have reiterated again and again the assurance of her being something like a pauper. In point of fact, this would seem to be her actual position, according to the will of 1866, deposited with a notary named Mocquard, and opened at Chiselhurst on the 12th of January, 1873, three days after the death of Napoleon III. The will puts the Empress Eugenie in possession of, firstly, 120,000 francs per annum, derived from the estate of Mezzola, near Bologna, Italy, once forming part of Prince Bacchiochi's fortune; secondly, of diamonds of the value of about 2,800,000 francs, equivalent to an income of 50,000 francs; thirdly, of sundry houses in the Rue de l'Elysee, Paris, which, though partly mortgaged to cover debts due by the Duc d'Albo, were bought by Baron Hirsch, who gave 2,000,000 francs for them, say another 100,000 francs income; fourthly, of 80,000 francs in rentes, allotted to the Empress on the 1872 loan of three milliards.

If all these sums are added together we get a total of 450,000 francs income, or about $90,000, representing the instantly available fortune of the ex-Empress. The chateau of Pierrefonds and the Chinese Museum at Fontainebleau count for nothing, as the republic has charge of them at present, and does not seem likely to hand them over.

It is out of this income of $90,000 that young Louis must be provided for whenever he weds. They say that his mother has promised him two-thirds, or $60,000 per annum. On this and his expectations—not worth much just for the moment—he hopes to set up housekeeping with the Princess Thyra, or any other amiable and unassuming princess who will have him.—*Correspondence Cincinnati Gazette.*

## Construction of a Singular Will.

Mr. J. S. Rosenthal, counsel for Mrs. Sophia Green, administratrix, with the will annexed, of her husband, William F. Green, who died last September, will file a bill in the circuit court of Baltimore city this week, asking the court to construe the will of her late husband. The will was written in lead-pencil on the fly-leaf of the family bible while Mr. Green was in extreme pain, and within a few hours of his death. He had been thrown from his carriage, receiving injuries which resulted in lockjaw. Mr. Green was a merchant-tailor, and had accumulated between $50,000 and $60,000 worth of property, but the larger portion is real estate. The will is as follows, and has been admitted to probate by the orphans' court:

"this Evening Il chal dai. I will Liv all my Property to my vife so long cha livs no lonner. Che can sell it or Borrow money any necessary. Etter her livs it belongs to my ehrs Chi most look outt by her Livitnanne so long as my Mother Livis. my Gorge I will give 2 Hundred for g'd behev. Eruksen Fisher I will Side Hnuse Replican 18 this Evening Wednesdas Septem 1878. Wm. L. Green." Witness, L. Kroeger, Joseph Green, S. Elire, Daniel McCann.

The bill states that the will seems to leave the property to the widow for life, with right to sell or incumber it; that she is required to take care of testator's mother during life; that $200 is left to George Adkinson, and a house to Fisher. The heirs mentioned in the bill, who inherit after the widow, if hers is a life estate only, are Joseph Green, Baltimore city; August Green, Washington county, Ohio; Mrs. Amelia Falkenstein, wife of Joseph F. Falkenstein; Mrs. Charlotte Driller, and Josephine Weyman, wife of Louis Weyman, all of Wheeling, W. Va.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Colorado contemplates the introduction of the yak or Thibet ox, which flourishes in the high mountains of Thibet, and the hair of which is used in manufacturing the beautiful Thibet shawls.

## The Death of Bayard Taylor.

The career of Bayard Taylor is one of the most striking illustrations in recent American history of the substantial reward which our republican society offers to purely literary ambition. A generation or two ago the man of letters was so rare a character among us that his very singularity was a claim to public distinction. But Mr. Taylor made his celebrity long after Dana, and Irving, and Prescott, and Bryant, and a score of others had taught mankind to respect the taste and scholarship of the new Western World, and he won his highest honors in the very thick of the struggle for literary success which distinguishes these latter years of the nineteenth century. He owed nothing to the accident of time or of fortune. The prizes which enriched the close of his life were the well-earned fruit of the hard and persevering labors of more than thirty years. From the day when he set out, poor and unknown, to make the tour of Europe with knapsack and staff, until he arrived only a few months ago at one of the greatest of the European courts, bearing the highest diplomatic rank it is in the power of the United States to confer, cheered by the fare-well plaudits of his countrymen, and [illegible]d with marked honors by the people and princes of Germany, it can be said that Bayard Taylor was the maker of all his own good fortunes, and that he made them by the most conscientious and faithful of literary work. He was simply and always a man of letters.

This is not the place for a critical estimate of his writings, but there is one conspicuous quality in them which shone so brightly also in his personal character that we cannot pass it over here in silence. That quality is honesty. It is seen in the frank simplicity of his style, the thoroughness of his workmanship, the clearness of his opinions, the fidelity with which he held through life to his chosen work, sparing no pains to produce the very best of which he was capable, however small the subject or trivial the reward. Nobody could read one of his books without feeling the influence of this virtue. Nobody could know him without perceiving that this high literary merit was a reflex of an earnest and simple nature. If there is a long remembrance for honest men, there is no less a long life for honest books. It is a golden lesson for authors and journalists that in this instance literary honesty and personal uprightness have secured a brilliant success in life, and an enduring reputation.

There is little doubt that if Mr. Taylor had lived to complete the Life of Goethe, for which his foreign appointment gave him the long-coveted facilities, he would have crowned his career with a greater work than any in the long list of his books. It was a task to which he brought a manly enthusiasm and the accumulations of years of study and industrious collecting. Scholars will lament the untimely event which deprives American literature of what promised to be such an important acquisition. The craftsmen of letters and arts will mourn the loss of a companion endeared to them by a thousand amiable qualities. The general public will sorrow for the death of a public man in whose rare fame the whole country takes pride. But there are many others to whom the death of Bayard Taylor will carry a much sharper pang. We who have been for so many years in close intercourse with this kindly, tender and high-minded man, and have learned to value more and more as our intimacy increased, the nobility of his disposition, the greatness of his heart, the homely charm of his simple private life, can understand how deep a grief will be carried by the news of this morning to friends in every quarter of the globe who honored in Mr. Taylor one of the best types of the American scholar, and loved the most delightful of American gentlemen.—*New York Tribune.*

Monsieur Thiers was one of the few great men who could resist the enticing luster of a title. When addressed as Baron by the Duke of Trevise, he exclaimed: "I am not a Baron, Monsieur, and be sure if the King had a title to give me, he would make me a Duke, as you are; but I do not want any title." All his life he remained the true ideal of the French bourgeoise. Yet he was a constitutional monarchist until the actual republic made him President. He did not believe in universal suffrage, and called the people "La vile multitude," which was always remembered against him. He was one of the most versatile of men—historian, orator, philosopher and statesman, and withal a great egotist. "I am smarter than you," he once said to Louis Phillippe. "Not because you say so," returned the King. He was a Deist; he believed in Providence, in the supernatural creation of earth and man, in the future life, in the human destiny, in the soul's immortality. His last years were full of glory; he was really the founder of the third republic, and his funeral was the grandest affair of the kind on record. Ousted from the Assembly, he snatched up the pen. "He remained;" says his historian, "in the front all his life, and died fighting like the antique gladiator." As a historian he is clear, simple and not to be surpassed. As an orator, he is pronounced the best debater of the French tribune. As a philosopher the public will soon have the opportunity to decide upon his merits, as his philosophical works, prepared by his official secretary, are now in course of publication.—*Courier-Journal.*

A farmer at Boise City, Idaho, catches 400 rabbits a day. Along his fences he places traps, boards hinged upon pivots above deep pits. The rabbits jump over the fences and strike on the boards, which tip up, spill the animals into the pits, and reset themselves. The farmer gets a cent bounty for each ear, and the rest of the rabbits he feeds to his hogs.

# THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

Dr. C. Norwood, Editor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1878.


**List Of Yolo County Postoffices.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Woodland [county seat] | Louis Walker. |
| Winters | Lorenzo Moody. |
| Grafton | S. J. Fryatt. |
| Yolo | Geo. F. Wherry. |
| Davisville | L. C. Drummond |
| Madison | Dr W. E. Fifield |
| Capay | F. E. Pirkins |
| Blacks Station | C. S. Huston. |
| Dunnigan | Z. J. Brown |
| Plainfield | A. Weddorf. |

### A FEW MUSICAL FACTS.

Wen we were younger than we are now, we had a great passion for music, more so, perhaps, than now. We not only loved to sing, to study the science, but took a deep interest in gathering up *old works*, which contained scraps of history in reference to the varied charges that the science or art was subject to, as it is regarded now both as a science and an art. There was a time when it could lay claim to *neither;* all music was performed by *rote*, which simply means fixing in the memory *without understanding.*

We see by the old time instruments used, that they were of the simplest forms of instruments, like a "cornstalk fiddle." We read in sacred writ that the principal instruments in use in David's time, were the lute, the harp, and the timbrel. The timbrel was something like our tambourine, or an Indian paint keg with a skin drawn over it. The Scripture sayeth: "Go sound the loud timbrel over Egypt's dark sea; Jehovah hath triumphed, the people are free." This sounding the "loud timbrel was like sounding a big base drum.

The first intimation we have of any understanding in vocal music was from David, in Psalms. He said: "Sing with the spirit and with the understanding also"—meaning that we should fully understand the meaning of *every word*, and then sing it according to the true sentiment expressed by the words "in the spirit," the spirit the words demand. If we were to guess aloud, we would say that there are many modern professors who (if they would) could learn a lesson from the Psalmist, David.

As we have once said, music was once performed by rote—no scale, no law, no rule governing, but guided by the ear alone. Should we make some slight mistakes in data, our readers will pardon us, as our notes are far away; so we are compelled to write from memory. If our memory serves us aright, the first attempt to scientifically arrange characters or symbols, forming a basis upon which a musical structure might be built, and become, one of the greatest sciences of the age, the first seven letters of the alphabet were used, written upon a single line, thus commencing with the third letter: C, D, E, F, G, A, B, each letter supposed to emit a given sound when touched. So far as the reality is concerned, those sounds might have been represented by the pictures of birds or beasts, or anything else, as well as by the first seven letters of the alphabet; it was supposed that the alphabet would be the most familiar object. Like money, its value was fixed by a given power.

There is a greater significance in the letters as arranged, than many, even professors of music, have yet conceived. Although the letters utterly failed for the purpose for which they were *first* introduced, yet, as a foundation, they cannot well be dispensed with. The first object of the use of these letters was not only to form a foundation for music, but also to represent sounds. This latter was soon found to be impracticable, for several reasons, one of which we will here present:

It will be observed that *five* of the *seven* letters in solemnization; the sound ends in E, hence the pupil has no guide to the ear, nothing but the imagination of the relative distance of the sound emitted from each letter; therefore a change was imminent. Figures were introduced, but as yet there was no rule, no characters, flats or sharps, by which the figures (by rule) could become moveable, but fixed as the letters were written on a stave as now composed of five lines and four spaces. While in this stage of progress a music book was published, called "Fifteen Hundred," (1500) containing about seventy-five pieces, every piece written on the key of C and with the common chord only, viz.: 1, 3, 5, 8. This system was also found impracticable for similar reasons, difficulty in enunciation, particularly seven.

When there had been awakened an almost universal feeling, delegations from nations met, the result was the introduction of notes, not only of one kind, but *four*, which we will give a partial history of, the whys and wherefores, in our next.

Now is the time to subscribe for the ADVOCATE. Remember while it is hard times for you it is hard times for us.

### THEORY AND PRACTICE.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Professor Joseph Le Comte remarked as follows:

There is a common, deeply rooted prejudice in the popular mind—and it seems to be affecting even scientific men, on the one side, as well as practical men on the other—that there is a kind of antagonism between theory and practice. Now, so far from this being the case, a true theory is indissolubly connected with a true practice. There is an indissoluble marriage bond between them. It is even closer than this: it has the relation of spirit and body. Science is a complex web, woven warp and woof; the warp is scientific theory, the woof is the material derived from nature. It is impossible that one should exist without the other. And Every intelligent human action, particularly of the complex kind, is necessarily guided by theory. And this is the true difference, in fact, between human activity and ordinary animal action. Human action is the most complex, and it is always guided by theory. The only difference between good practice and bad practice is that one is guided by good theory and the other is guided by false or bad theory. But all human action which pretends to be intelligent or rational, is guided by some theory, good or bad.

There is, I admit, a kind of theorizing, a spirit of theorizing, and a theoretical habit of mind, which is destructive of good practical work. But it is equally destructive of true science also. I refer to that theorizing upon an unsubstantial basis, that theorizing merely for the sake of theorizing, and merely for the pleasure of the intellectual activity of theorizing—merely for the self-complacent contemplation of the beauty of the theories that we create out of our minds. In this case the whole web, woof and warp, is woven out of the human mind, without the material being furnished to it by nature. It is like castle building in the air, unsubstantial and resting upon a cloud; beautiful it may be to contemplate, but rapidly disappearing before the sun. It is like spiders' webs, woven out of its own bowels, both warp and woof; beautiful and intricate in its structure, and glittering with the dew in early morning but quickly brushed away from the path of progress This kind of theorizing is equally as fatal to true science as it is to practical work.

This kind of theorizing is what we call speculation. Now, speculation bears the same relation to true theorizing in the world of science, which speculation bears to legitimate enterprise in business. As speculation in the field of business is prostrating to true enterprise, and through it prostrating to the true prosperity of the community, even so speculation in the realm of science is destructive to true theorizing, and therefore destructive to real practical work.

But as enterprise is the basis upon which all legitimate industry rests, and must inevitably rest, and the whole prosperity of society must also rest with it, even so it is upon sound, cautious, inductive theorizing that the whole progress of science and also of sound practical work is based. Science is the open foe of speculation in both fields. Science is the fast friend of legitimate enterprise and legitimate industry, also, in both fields.

### The Alchemist's Dream A Scientific Fact.

The following paragraph is taken from the London Daily News November 26th:

Mr. Norman Lockyer has realized the alchemist's dream. the transmutation to metals. In the presence of a small party of scientific men, Mr. Lockyer, by the aid of a powerful voltaic current, volatized copper within a glass tube, dissolved the deposit formed within the tube, in hydrochloric acid, and then showed, by means of the spectroscope, that the solution contained no longer copper, but another metal, calcium, the base of ordinary lime. The experiment was repeated with other metals and with corresponding results. Nickel was thus changed into cobalt, and calcium into strontium. All the bodies, as is well known, have ever been regarded as elementary—that is, as incapable of being resolved into any components, or of being changed one into another. It is on this basis that all modern chemistry is founded, and should Mr. Lockyer's discovery bear the test of further trial, our entire system of chemistry will require revision. The future possibilities of the discovery it is difficult to limit. The great object of the old alchemists was, of course, to transmute base metals into gold, and so far as our knowledge goes there is no reason why copper should not be changed into gold as well as into calcium.

It often happens only three lines wanted, when it so occurs, all in a flurry, ready for press, but there is a *little hole* to be filled, let this fill it.

### THE FIRST CHECK ON MORMONISM.

The editorial remarks of the Sacramento *Bee*, on the action of the Supreme Court on Mormonism, is so truthful that we take the liberty of copying the article entire:

The Mormons do not like the decision of the United States Supreme Court in reference to polygamy and loudly complain that the Court has trampled on the letter and the spirit of the Constitution by interfering with a religious belief. The Constitution never intended that any religion as a religion should be interfered with; and neither did it intend that vice, under the cloak of religion, should trample on all law and all decency. If the thumb screw and rack of the Inquisition were to become part of the paraphernalia of a modern church, it would not be long before some one would be indicted either for murder or attempt at murder. The burning of Servetus at the stake would probably be followed in this age by the lynching of the murderers. Yet these deeds were sanctioned by religion, and done in the name of religion, and were unpunished by law. Some of the heathen tribes yet immolate victims to the gods. That is a part of their religious belief, but immolation would never be allowed in this nation. Some twenty or thirty years ago there was a sect in the Eastern States called the Cronkites, who believed that by chastity alone could the world be saved, and its few followers, men and women, would appear nude at the meetings in order to prove, after temptation, their right to the throne eternal. Yet the tyrannical police would not allow them to practice this peculiar religious belief. Liberty of conscience does not mean license to flaunt vice, lust, and a disregard of all pure home ties in the eyes of the world, and be free from interference simply because it happens to be dubbed religion. The first great check has been given to polygamy, but it will be of no avail unless officers and Judges do their duty impartially and fearlessly.

CURIOSITIES OF BOTANY.—Professor Harvey, of the Arkansas Industrial University, in a letter to the *Scientific American*, says:

In the article on the "Proceedings of the Torrey Botanical Club," published in your issue of December 7, mention is made of a "full blown rose" from the center of which another perfect flower was growing. I wish to state that two roses were found last summer growing on the same bush, one having a cluster of five perfect buds raised on a stem from its center, and the other three. A species of Allium was found in which the stamen, in a flower otherwise normal, was replaced by a bulblet; also in another flower one of the stamens was replaced by a perfect flower.

An ear of corn which has grown wrong side out, is in my possession. The ear has the form of an inverted truncated cone, bearing the kernels on the walls of the hollow. The cob has a smooth exposed surface, and a texture somewhat more compact than the cob of normal ears.

A FISH-HOOK ON A TEAR.—Mrs. Smith of this city found a fish-hook among her husband's papers, and determined to destroy it. So she resolved to burn the fish-hook up, and for this purpose cast it into the stove. The next morning Mr. Smith, in digging out the "clinkers," found the fish-hook in the ball of his thumb. After the surgeon had removed it, he put it into his vest pocket, with an idea of showing it to his acquaintances. He sauntered down street, when an expeditious colored woman swept by him and was suddenly brought to with a "round turn." The hook had worked its way partly out of his pocket, and its point caught in the bodice of her dress. The situation grew momentarily interesting to the bad boys who infest the thoroughfare, and they hailed Smith's efforts to liberate himself from Liberian custody with hoots of delight. Finally the dusky female swung clear and went dashing down the street. A policeman attempted her arrest, but was arrested himself by a fish-hook in the palm of his hand. The hook is now in the station-house, waiting to have something done with it. Any person desiring a permanent situation to take care of a fish-hook should make immediate application to the proper authorities.—[*New London (Conn.) Telegram.*

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—When it was announced that a citizen of Nevada, recently deceased, had bequeathed his private library to the State. the virtues of the departed and his great intellectual attainments were the theme of superb eulogy in most of the Nevada papers. But when a catalogue of the volumes constituting the "magnificent gift" showed that the "private library" consisted of a copy of "Hoyle," a pocket dictionary and two paper-covered novels, there was but one paper in the State that had moral courage enough to publish the facts.—[*Washington Post.*

### IN MEMORIAM.

At a regular meeting of Buckeye Grange No. 96, held Jan. 4, 1879, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, By dispensation of our Heavenly Master, another link in our fraternal chain has been severed by the death of our late sister, Alice Kinsey, therefore

*Resolved*, That we wish to express our sorrow at her decease.

*Resolved*, That in the death of our late sister, Buckeye Grange has lost an earnest and faithful member, society an upright and respectable young lady, and her family an affectionate daughter and niece.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the family of our late sister our sincere and earnest sympathy in their great sorrow and affliction.

*Resolved*, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that the members wear the usual badge of mourning.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Grange, and a copy be sent to the *California Patron* and the *Winters Aadvocate*, for publication, and that a copy be sent to the family, by our Secretary.

J. H. WILGUS,
LORENZO DEXTER,
IDA L. DEXTER,
} Committee.

### A Boy With A Heart.

The other day a bit of aboy called at the side door of a good-looking farm residence and told such a sorrowful story that the lady was not stingy in throwing provisions into his basket. Happening to look into the front yard after a few minutes, she saw the strange boy mixed up with her three or four children, and she called out:

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Feedin' these half-starved children!" he promptly replied.

"But those are my children!" she indignantly exclaimed.

"Makes no difference to me," he said, as he broke off another piece of cake.

"When I find a young 'un crying for bread, and ready to swear that he hasn't tasted pie for over a year, "I'm goin' to stop business and brace him up!"

Have you got a clean waist which I could put on this dirty little boy?"

She looked up and down to see if any canvasser for the poor heathen were in sight, and then she grabbed the broom and ran the sympathetic boy out of the yard.[N. Y. Graphic.]

THE EMIR OF CABUL.—The harem of Shere Ali, the Emir of Cabul, Comprises 300 women, including slaves. He has one son, Yakob Khun, whom he lately released from several year's imprisonment, and eighteen daughters, ten of whom are married to distinguished vassals. They each received as dower the revenues of a town, The Emir lives generally at Cabul, in the palace of Balar Hissar, which has all the characteristics of a medieval fortress. His other two palaces in that city are Mogul Hissar, where his unmarried daughters and harem are located, and Tadschel Omrah, which contains the harem of his father. The Emir's aged mother resides with him.—[*New York Sun.*

DOES CIDER INTOXICATE?—Two Lakeport, (N. Y.) boys, aged 13 and 17 years, started hunting last week, and stopping at a cider mill purchased two gallons of old apple juice. As they did not return, search was made, which resulted in finding their bodies. One had fallen over a ledge and had apparently not stirred after striking. The other was lying upon his back, his gun being thrust, muzzle downward, into the mud. It was plain that both had died from the effects of drinking the cider. A neighboring judge and jury had, on the previous day declared that hard cider is intoxicating.

SPAKE AISEY.—Judge King is noted for the urbanity of his temper, but it sometimes occurs that people come into the Police Court and act in such an irascible manner as to worry him almost to the borders of semi-insanity, and ruffle, as it were, his easy-going judicial ear. There was a case in point this morning. A long, lanky chap, dressed in a red shirt and a good deal of aggravating pertinacity, persisted in gabbing away so that not a soul besides himself could be heard. At last his Honor sharply demanded.

"Man! will you be quiet?"

"Well, spake to me aisey, like. Phat's the use to shrap the head aff me?"

"Will you keep silent?"

"All right. But keep your shirt an. Sure; bether ye draw it aizy."

"If you don't keep still I'll have you locked up."

"All right. But spake it aisey. Talk to me as iff I was a man an' a brother."

"Captain, lock this man up!"

Hereupon an officer grabbed the disturbing man by the arm and led him to the pen, when the latter sang out:

"All right. Lock me up aisey. But if I were joodge it would be different."

"What's that!" his Honor demanded.

"All I mane is, faix, if I was a joodge its somebody else would be locked up, un I'd be perched up in the poolpit, there, spaking aisey meself."—*Indianopolis Sun.*


WOODLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARMERS, TEAMSTERS,

AND THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL,

BE KIND ENOUGH TO REMEMBER THE INVALID, by buying your TOBACCO, CIGARS, CANDY, NUTS and TOYS of

J. C. O'CONNOR,

SECOND DOOR IN GOOD TEMPLARS' BLOCK, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE FASHION STABLES.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

And thus enable him to earn his own living.
w 7-6-tf.

DIETZ & KNOX,

WOODLAND.

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MANUFACTORY.

BUILDERS OF

OMNIBUSES,
HEARSES,
HACKS,
PHAETONS,
LIGHT AND HEAVY BUGGIES,
TRACK SULKEYS,
LIGHT AND HEAVY WAGONS,
IN FACT EVERYTHING,
FROM A NEEDLE TO AN ANCHOR.

WE HAVE ON HAND, FOR SALE CHEAP, BUGGIES and SPRING WAGONS, which we are selling very low. Jobbing of all kinds done in the best style.

☞ Setting tires a specialty, also, trimming, painting, harness making, etc., all connected and warranted. None but master mechanics employed. Give us a call. jy 29-7-tf.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

STEAMER

CAROLINE

FOR SUISUN.

Leaves San Francisco, Jackson Street Wharf,

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY,

AT 9 A. M.

Returning, leaves Suisun Monday and Thursday,

AT 9 A. M.

FORSMAN & FISK, Agents, SUISUN.

SILVEY'S HOTEL,

Suisun, Solano Co., Cal.

FRANK SILVEY, Proprietor.

GOOD BOARD, COMFORTABLE ROOMS,

MODERATE CHARGES.

Persons Coming To Suisun Will

Find It To Their Especial

Interest To Call

On Hc.

☞ A well supplied Bar in the House.
s 14-6-tf.

DENTISTRY.

DR. W. C. HARDING,

DENTIST,

WILL BE AT

SUISUN, 1st of Jan to 31st of Jan. 1879.
At RIO VISTA, 3rd to 28th Feb., 1879.
At SUISUN, 3rd to 15th March, 1879.
At VACAVILLE, 17th to 29th March.
At SUISUN, 31st Mar. to 12th April.
At WINTERS, 14th to 20th of April.
At SUISUN, 28th April to 10th of May.

Teeth Extracted

WITHOUT PAIN,

By the Use of Liquid Nitrous Oxide,

THE ONLY SAFE SLEEP PRODUCER KNOWN.

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Call or send, and secure your appointments early

Suisun Office, on and after October 28th will be at

residence on

SOLANO STREET.

# THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.



THE REGULAR MEETG OF Damocles Lodge NO.83, K. of P. takes place every first and third THURSDAY evening of each month, at 7 o,clock sharp.

By order of
EDWARD FISHER, C. C.
W. P. Womack, K. of R. and S.

## POST OFFICE NOTICE

Mail closes daily at the post office at Winters for Madison and Capay at 11:20 o clock A M. daily. For Sacramento, North and East. and San Francisco, South and West daily at 2:50 o,clock P. M.

OFFICE HOURS.

Post office open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M. and 7 o clock, P. M. to 9 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.

open from 8 o' clock A. M. m. to 10 o'clock A. M. LORENZO MOODY, Postmaster.

## LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Cold.

Chilly winds,

Farmers grumbling.

Threatening to rain.

If you want a tooth pulled, go to Thomas Keefe's Drug Store.

Palmer has added to his groceries, overalls and underwear.

Otago & McLeod have added a new chimney and bellows to their already extensive facilities for blacksmithing.

Tom Willis has moved his tin-shop from the old Masonic building to Mr. Seaman's building, next door to McGarth's saloon.

Call and see Elliott & Co., on the south side of Main street. We are told that they are giving excellent bargains in their line.

Doc. Edwards is making a nice improvement at the Occidental—filling in his yard with ravel, and also gravelling the street in front.

The people of Winters extend pardon to the Yolo *Mail* for neglecting to state that "the ladies built a new church here, last season."

Anyone wishing to know anything about their neighbors' business, call on the Town Dictionary. You will find him twisting around a post up town—if it's warm.

We have had a little rain fall of .50-100 of an inch, with a good prospect for more. Our farmers are growing jubilant over the prospects of a good crop. They have our prayers.

Take particular notice and read weekly what the Pacific Outfitting Company have to say about their business, as conducted on the Eastern plan. See ad. at the end of local column.

☞ The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson, for the best Photographs in the United States and the Vienna Medal for the best in the World. 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

*Resources of California* just at hand for January; the number is complete, double size, with many beautiful illustrations, and much interesting matter from nearly all parts of the State; gives a complete showing of the resources of our prolific State.

We would call the attention of the good people who visit Woodland, to the variety store of J. C. O'Connor (the invalid). Patronize him in his efforts to sustain himself. It is the duty of all who need anything in his line, to patronize him.

Willis is on the rampage this morning. He says Jeff. Davis is the *only white man* in the United States. He only wants to live long enough to see him elected President of the United States! That's about as long as anybody would care to live.

Our Richard has finally concluded to join the Good Templars. We understand that he sent in his name Friday evening. He believes he can pay his share of the expense of the society, and have a surplus at the end of the year. Go it, Dick; if we were only rich, we would be with you.

We would again call the attention of our readers to the stock of Harling, Lowry & Co. We are informed that their new plan, adopted the first of this month—selling goods at cash prices—is working well, and the people will soon see the benefits arising therefrom. Go and see them, they have a full stock.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, published by Munn & Co., New York, is the oldest, best and most reliable publication of the kind in the United States. It is an illustrated journal, devoted to arts, science and mechanics. To inventors it is almost indispensable. The first number of 1879 is before us, full of interesting and instructive matter. Price, only $3.20 a year, free of postage.

A pamphlet, containing full directions for obtaining United States Patents, sent free. A handsomely bound Reference Book, gilt edges, containing 140 pages, and many engravings and tables important to every patentee or mechanic, and a useful hand book of reference for everybody, price 25 cents, mailed free. Send and get one. Address, Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

## The Incurable Cured.

The Napa County *Reporter* gives us an account of the miraculously curative properties of the Aetna Springs, Pope Valley, Napa county, Cal., and says: "The Springs are visited by many persons afflicted with various and *incurable* diseases, few of whom fail to find relief, and many are *entirely cured*." It certainly must be powerful, to cure the incurable. It looks, however, as though it was slightly mixed.

## Madison Items.

Levy, of Madison, has ordered ninety cars for the shipment of his wheat. This sounds like business.

James McHenry, near Madison, an extensive farmer and leading Good Templar, is very sick—not expected to recover.

The stage just starting for Woodland from Madison, last Tuesday morning, as they were crossing a small bridge near the depot, one of the leaders shied a little and one of the tugs dropped, which scared the driver; he threw the lines and jumped, and left Mr. Holcomb sitting upon the seat, without means of guiding the horses. A bystander said he sat as straight as a duck in the rain, while the horses took several turns over the railroad track, and finally came up standing against a woodpile, all safe and sound, doing no material damage.

## The Second Wife.

A meancholy woman lay
In sickness, on her bed,
And in a faint and broken voice
To her husband said:

"Dear David, when my earthly form
Has turned to lifeless clay,
O wait and weep a little while,
*Nor throw yourself away.*

I know a woman, kind and true,
On whom you may depend;
O marry Arabella Jones—
She is my dearest friend."

"Yes, Hattie, I have much desired
To talk of this before—
For Arabella Jones and I
Have thought the matter o'er."

"Then you and Arabella Jones
Have been too smart and sly;
I tell you David Wilkinson,
*I'm not a-goin' to die!*"

Her dark eyes flashed, her strength re turned,
She left her bed of pain;
A week had hardly passed away
When she was well again.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

## Gold.

Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand fold!
How widely its agencies vary
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.

—*Hood.*

## Logic.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this, by syllogism true,
In mood and figure he would do.

*Butler's Sir Hudibras.*

## SOLID MERIT WILL TELL.

For all the bitter opposition of jealous rivals, no better illustration can be had of this fact than the immense sale already attained by the great Throat and Lung Remedy, Dr. Aug. Kaiser's German Elixir. For the cure of Coughs and Bronchial Affections, it is truly wonderful, even those suffering from Consumption in advanced stages find great relief, and numbers of patients have found, to their delight, not only relief, but cure. It being perfectly harmless, makes it at once popular with mothers, who, of all others, have felt the necessity of such a medicine. The genuine bears the Prussian coat of arms, the fac-simile signature of Dr. Aug. Kaiser, and has his name blown on every 75 cent bottle. A trial size may be had at the drug store of Thomas Keefe, for 25 cents.

We are pleased to receive substantial evidence that our efforts are being appreciated in the changes we have made, and are making in our paper. We have put in all new type and fixtures. Our type is the hard metal Scotch type, the best in the market; all fixtures now complete. In consequence of the change, (we being short for help) we have been a little behind for two or three weeks; but on the 15th we expect to be able to come promptly to time again. To our friends who have so nobly stood by us, we thank them, and hope in the future to ever merit their constant friendship and support. We hope also our advertisers will be as prompt as possible, as we heavy expense and really need those little bills to help us through. We are prepared to do all kinds of small job work, such as receipts, billheads, cards &c., in the neatest style.

THE PACIFIC OUTFITTING COMPANY.—This is a San Francisco institution, on an Eastern plan; and its object is to furnish neat-fitting, fashionable, custom made clothing, at the very lowest prices. The Company always keep in stock a large assortment of cloths, from the cheapest American to the costliest French and English fabrics; and by giving satisfaction to all its customers, has, in a comparatively short time, created a thriving business. They keep no stock of ready-made clothing, but manufacture to measure, as sent in by their traveling agents, or as taken by the parties themselves. Send for our system of self-measurement, samples and prices. They employ the most fashionable cutters in the city. Tailors are thorough workmen. Pacific Outfitting Company, No, 11 Geary Street, San Francisco.

The fact that Dr. W. C. Harding has gone to the expense of a new dress throughout for his paper, in these hard times, is the best evidence in the world of its increasing popularity. In spite of the howlings and ravings of a few maniacs, who are seeking to crush us, a steady increase is the result. The people are beginning to see that it is spite work of the whiskey ring, and they will see to it at the next election that the present corrupt incumbents of office are removed,

## Canning.

We learn that there is a canning institution started in Winters, having two or three branches in different parts of town. One of the principal features of the business is the tying of tin cans to dogs' tails, and running them through the streets. The crowd are as zealous and more deeply interested than they would at a protracted meeting; where their salvation was at stake. Forward has sworn vengeance against them, for cruelty to animals.

A naughty little New York girl looked at the flushed face of one of her young admirers the other day and asked "Were you painted before you were baked, or are you one of those horrid, cheap, American faiences?—[*Boston Transcript.*

## "Wasp" Stingers.

When Ham was sick, he was cured by smoking?—*N. Y. Mail.*

When a joke is old as the hills it has little valley.—*N. Y. News.*

Two feet of hose is considered enough for dancing pumps.—*Boston Transcript.*

Never call your wife "Misery," even if she "loves company."—*Hackensack Republican.*

Games of chance would not be so naughty, if a man could win every time.—*Whitehall Times.*

No wonder they don't find Stewart's body. It was always difficult to get a cent of him.—*Syracuse Times.*

Anybody can catch a cold now. The trouble is to let go again, like the man who caught the bear.—*Ex.*

Two hundred and nine lawyers in Congress! Good gracious! Is it any wonder they talk of a short session?—*N. Y. Express.*

That popular cry, "another lie nailed," was origirated by Jael, who nailed Sisera, when he was lying before her.—*Danbury News.*

It is said that Bob Ingersol is engaged in getting up matter on Job's life for a lecture. It will probably boil over with fun.—[*Wheeling Leader.*

Girls who give the boys a cold shoulder for a Christmas present, are very likely to meet with a warm reception when they collide.—*Elmira Gazette.*

When Pope said "Worth makes the man, and want of it the feller," did he mean the wood-chopper or the prize-fighter?—[*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A South Norwalk hatter has chewed tobacco a great number of years without any injury to himself—having begged the tobacco.—[*Danbury News.*

A great writer says: "Some people are born Christians." But there's no occasion for worrying over the matter; they generally outgrow it.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

## "REVOLUTION" ON THE MEXICAN COAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, DEC. 28.

Passengers by the steamer Grenada, just arrived from Panama and way ports, report that as the Granada was leaving Mazatlan, bound north, news was received of a severe battle between the forces of the Clerical chief, Lermo, and the national troops under General Escadero, military commander at Guadalajara. Lermo, with his Indians, had captured the town of Tepic in the name of the Clerical party, and there held high carnival for a few days. He also held the road leading from Tepic to the seaport of San Blas. Upon the advance of Escadero, Lermo marched out to meet him, but was totally defeated and most of his adherents captured, eighty of whom were immediately hanged. The balance of those captured, claiming to have been forced into the rebel service, were allowed to go to their homes.—[*Sac. Bee.*

LAUGHED TO DEATH.—At Newport, R. I., Joshua Walker purchased a quantity of pork, and taking it home, proceeded to salt it down. His wife soon after discovered that he had been trying to make brine with white sugar. She was seized with a fit of laughter which continued for several minutes, when she suddenly expired. Mrs. Walker was only 20 years old, and had been but recently married.—[*Detroit Post.*

A WIDOW'S FARMING.—Mrs. Samantha Wall, a widow with seven children, all girls, two of whom did the plowing on the farm, made this year a good crop of wheat, between 300 and 400 bushels of corn, 100 bushels of potatoes, 100 bushels of peas, and meat for the family, and two bales of cotton. This was done on poor pine land, about four miles from Fort Perry, and without any fertilizer.—[*Buena Vista* (Ga.) *Argus.*

On the 8th. instant, a fire destroyed the residence of Han Hubbard, situated about three miles South-east of Madison. Cause of the fire, a defective stove-pipe. Neighbors succeeded it saving most of the furniture. Small insurance. Q.—

MISCELLANEOUS.


## DR. SPINNEY,

NO. 11, KEARNEY ST., S. F.

Treats all Chronic and Special Diseases.

YOUNG MEN

WHO MAY BE SUFFERING FROM THE EFfect of youthful follies or indiscretion, will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. DR. SPINNEY will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of Seminal Weakness, or private disease of any kind or character, which he undertakes and fails to cure

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

There are many at the age of 30 to 60, who are troubled with too frequent evacuation of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits, a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin, milkish hue, again changing to a dark, bony appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of Seminal weakness. Dr. S. will guarantee a perfect cure in such case, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

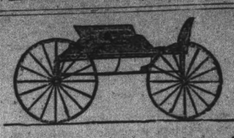
OFFICE HOURS—10 to 4 and 6 to 8. Sundays, from 10 to 11 A. M. Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice, $5.

Call on or address

DR. SPINNEY & CO.,
No. 11 Kearney street, San Francisco.



WINTERS ADVERTISEMETS.



## Otago & Mcleod,

BLACKSMITHS and WAGON-MAKERS.

WAGONS MADE AND RRPAIRED. BLACKSMITHING in all its varied branches done with neatness and dispatch, and second to none. Call and see them. MAIN STREET, Winters. j 1-6-tf.

## HUNT'S SALOON,

*NEAR OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,*

J. W. HUNT, PROPRIETOR,

THE BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIgars constantly on hand. Give me a call.

## NEW STORE,

*MAIN STREET, WINTERS.*

FINE SUPPLY OF FAMILY GROCERIES—Bed-rock prices, Everything marked in plain figures. Cash on produce only. By this method we sell cheaper by 25 per cent. than can any man who sells on a year's credit. Try us.

ELLIOTT & CO.

o 10-8-tf

MADISON ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. E. FIFIELD,

*PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,*

OFFICE AT MADISON DRUG STORE. PROfessional calls attended with promptness, Day and Night.

## S. WOOTTEN & SON,

## Golden State Mills,

MADISON, YOLO CO., CAL.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO FIRST-CLASS Milling, at lowest rates.

**Flour, Grain, Corn Meal, Ground Feed, etc.**

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Parties at Winters and Vacaville will find it to their interest to do their milling at Madison. All orders addressed to GOLDEN STATE MILLS will receive prompt attention.

aug 10-7-tf

WOODLAND ADVERTISEMENTS

## HESPERIAN COLLEGE,

WOODLAND,

*YOLO CO., CAL.*

HAS A FIRST-CLASS

TELEGRAPHIC AND PENMANSHIP

INSTITUTE,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER AND PRACTICAL OPERATOR,

IGNACIO BROWN

*TEACHER OF TELEGRAPHY AND PENMANSHIP.*

☞ Send for a catalogue.

## THE BIG CHANCE.

I OFFER, FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY, TO make Photographs at very reduced prices.

*BEST OF STOCK,*
*NO. 1 WORK,*
*SATISFACTION GIVEN.*

*CARD PHOTOS, from $1.50 to $3 per DOZEN*
*CABINET " " $3 " $5 " "*

☞ Remember, this is only for the present time liable to be shut down on at a short notice. As I have a large lot of stock on hand, and have to raise coin, I therefore make this reduction, not for a permanent one, but only for a short time, and advise all wanting pictures to take advantage of the chance.

J. W. KING, PHOTOGRAPHER.

LUMBER.

## F. B. CHANDLER,

*DEALER IN*

LUMBER,

*AND ALL KINDS OF*

BUILDING MATRIAL.

*ELMIRA, SOLANO CO., WINTERS, YOLO CO., and MADISON, YOLO CO., CALIFORNIA.*

☞ All our stock purchased direct from the manufacturers.



WINTERS ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

*FASHIONABLE MILLINERY*

*STORE.*

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

KEEPS ON HAND FIRST-CLASS GOODS, AND is prepared to do work in the latest styles and living rates. a 31-8-tf.

## NEW ANNOUNCEMENT!

On the first day of January, 1879,

*WE SHALL DISCONTINUE*

## OUR CREDT SYSTEM,

—AND DO ALL BUSINESS ON A—

CASH BASIS,

Believing this the only way to place Cash and Credit Customers on equality. We shall therefore

*MARK ALL GOODS DOWN TO*

## CASH FIGURES

BY THAT TIME.

It will be our aim to compete with all dealers, in quality of Goods, and Prices, and to sell at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE FIGURES.

If, by agreement, Credit shall be given,

*INTEREST WILL BE CHARGED ON ALL BILLS,*

After a specified time.

WE HAVE ADOPTED CASH CHECKS IN OUR Business, and are confident that our customers will find it to their advantage to use them in payment for goods.

HARLING, LOWRY & CO.

WINTERS, DEC. 14, 1878.

d 14-8-tf.

ALLEN'S

## BARBER SHOP,

*Railroad Street, adjoining the Occidental Hotel.*

Where he is prepared to do all work in his line, and hopes by

STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS,

To merit Public Patronage.

Ladies' and Children's HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING

je 1-3-tf.



WINTERS ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. C. PALMER,

AT

BOGGS' OLD STAND,

KEEPS A FULL Line of Groceries, Etc.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

THOS. KEEFE,

PHARMACIST.

DEALER IN DRUGS, CHEMICALS, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. School books and Stationery, Havana Cigars and Tobacco.

Teeth Extracted

With care and skill. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded, night and day.

*PIONEER DRUG STORE,*

MAIN STREET, WINTERS.

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

*Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.*

NO CHINESE COOKS EMPLOYED.

feb 22-8-tf.

HARLING,

LOWRY & CO.,

*DEALERS IN*

## DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

And in fact everything that is to be found in a well regulated General Merchandise Store.

PURCHASERS OF

WOOL AND GRAIN.

WINTERS



## LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

NORTH SIDE OF MAIN STREET, WINTERS.

my 4-8-tf BOWEN BROS.

## PARKER HOUSE,

*RAILROAD ST., BET. MAIN AND RUSSELL, WINTERS.*

FIRST-CLASS

BOARD AND LODGING

At Reasonable Rates.

AT THE BAR

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND THE CHOICEST

WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.

je 1-3-tf



WINTERS ADVOCATE.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

# WINTERS ADVOCATE,

*ESTABLISHED NOV. 5, 1875.*

*PUBLISHED WEEKLY.*

$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

JOB WORK,

BILLHEADS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

VISITING CARDS,

PROGRAMMES,

CIRCULARS,

POSTERS,

And anything in the Printing Line

executed with neatness and dispatch.

AT THE

ADVOCATE JOB OFFICE.

MAIN STREET, Near FIRST

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR VOLUME 4.

VOLUME 4 COMMENCED NOVEMBER FIRST, 1878.

## Some Great Men Who Smoke.

Some authors assert that smoking dates back into antiquity. Be this as it may, we can surely trace it back to the aborigines of America. The smoking of herbs or leaves for medicinal purposes has been practiced from a very early period in many countries. Inasmuch as pipes have been dug up in places near the Roman wall, in the north of England, and at the Roman stations, it has been taken for granted that the Roman soldiers smoked fifteen hundred years ago.

Oliver Cromwell was a bitter enemy to smoking, as were also Charles I. and Charles II. But, notwithstanding persecution, smoking grew in favor, and in the reign of William III. it was almost a universal custom. "Pipes grew long then, and, ruled by a Dutchman, all England smoked."

Some of the Puritans were moderate smokers in England and also in America, and some of the New England women enjoyed indulging in a pipe.

Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, wife of Joseph Rowlandson, of Lancaster, Mass., had the misfortune to be captured by the Indians in the year 1765, during King Philip's war. Being brought into the presence of Philip, that redoubtable chieftain courteously offered her a pipe, according to the Indian custom. "But smoking," she says, "did not suit my present feelings; for, though I had formerly made use of tobacco, yet I had used none since I was taken." The fashion is not yet entirely obsolete among the women of New England, and is indulged in by some of the women of the west and south.

In 1559 Cardinal St. Croix, who was a great smoker, introduced tobacco into Italy.

In 1690 Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all who should take snuff or use tobacco in church, but in 1724 Pope Benedict revoked this bill, as he himself used tobacco immoderately.

Perhaps the most celebrated female smoker was Mme. Dudevant (George Sand), who loved to smoke a cigar while at work on her interesting novels. Emily Faithfull is very fond of smoking cigarettes.

Robert Hall, the celebrated divine, is said to have preached his most eloquent sermons after smoking a pipe in his vestry. This was also the case with Dr. Parr, who sometimes smoked twenty pipes in an evening, and never wrote well except under the influence of tobacco. Bishop Kennet relates that Thomas Hobbs, the philosopher of Malmesoury, retired to his study every day after dinner, and had his candle and ten or twelve pipes of tobacco laid by him; then, shutting the door, he fell to smoking, thinking, and writing for several hours. Although he smoked excessively he lived to the age of 92.

Sir Isaac Newton was very fond of his pipe. He lived to a ripe old age, and lost but one tooth, which would seem to disprove the assertion that tobacco injures the teeth. Afred de Musset, Prosper Merimee, and Eugene Sue were excessive smokers. Lord Palmerston was a great smoker and smoked his ten or twelve cigars a day, to "preserve his health," he said: this, too, after he passed his 80th year.

Thomas Carlyle, in mild weather, likes to sit or walk in his garden and smoke a long clay pipe. Lord Lytton, Lord Eldon, Louis Napoleon, Moore, Campbell, and Byron were moderate smokers. The late J. M. Kemble, author of "The Seasons in England," was a tremendous smoker. Lord Beaconsfield loved the long pipe in his youth, but in middle age pronounced it "the tomb of love." He gave up smoking years ago to please his wife.

John Milton never went to bed without having first smoked a pipe and drank a glass of water. Addison used to frequent "Button's," where he had a pipe in his mouth at all hours. Fielding, the famous novelist, both smoked and chewed. Dickens, Jerrold, and Thackeray all puffed. Sir Walter Scott smoked in his carriage and regularly after dinner, loving both pipe and cigars. He gave the following advice: "Learn to smoke slowly. Cultivate calm and intermittent puffs."

Charles Lamb has sung the virtues of tobacco in his poem, "Farewell to Tobacco," in which he owns his weakness in the famous words:

> For thy sake, tobacco, I
> Would do anything but die.

Ben Jonson loved the "divine weed," and describes its use with the gusto of a connoisseur. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the celebrated Baptist preacher of London, is a great smoker. On one occasion the Rev. G. H. Pentecost, of Boston, addressed an audience in Spurgeon's tabernacle, in which he denounced smoking as an offense in the sight of God. When he had finished speaking Mr. Spurgeon got up and told his people that he saw no possible sin in smoking, and electrified Brother Pentecost by remarking that, as soon as the services were over, he was going to smoke a cigar himself. Rev. W. H. H. Murray enjoys a cigar as well as a good dinner. The same may be truly said of a great many celebrated divines.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt was an inveterate smoker, and would smoke and play whist for hours. U. S. Grant smokes. He is said to have once remarked that in the war the enemy could do him no greater injury than to steal his cigars just before a battle.

Edison both smokes and chews. John Swinton smokes moderately. Thomas Bailey Aldrich smokes the best Havana cigars, which, he says, imparts a flavor to his poetry. Oliver Wendell Holmes loves tobacco and good punch. James B. Osgood, the famous Boston publisher, is a very nervous man, and smokes a good cigar frequently, biting at it in a vicious manner.

Oliver Ditson, now nearly 70 years old, smokes at regular intervals during every day. Charles A. B. Shepard, B. H. Ticknor and Augustus Flagg are great smokers. John Bartlett, author of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," finds a good cigar a great pleasure while making his researches.

The late Charles Sprague, who died when over 80 years of age, was a constant smoker. He wrote a poem, "To My Cigar," in which these lines occur:

> Yes, social friend, I love thee well.
> In learned doctor's spite;
> Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
> And lap me in delight.

James Russell Lowell smokes a pipe. Bayard Taylor was equally at home with a pipe or cigar. President Andrew Jackson smoked a corn-pipe. Most of our politicians, lawyers, physicians, and many of the clergy use tobacco. With these in its favor, why should any be against it?—*N. Y. Star.*

## American Life.

If one were asked to name a characteristic of American life which is vere prominent he might say it is the desire to get something rather than to be something. This desire is not by any means confined to Americans, but it is more marked here than elsewhere because of the absence of traditions, and because of our flexible social condition. It constitutes a special danger in view of of the coming struggle for material advantage and prosperity. It is a desire which can not be too seriously considered by those who are getting the elements of their education and preparing for a career. This desire, which is more than a tendency, may be described as a disposition to get place and rank, with little regard to fitness for them. It reverses the natural order, and presupposes that success in life is not due to training and discipline so much as it is to opportunity. Hence our many failures of all sorts, the direct result of our eager assumption of office, of business, of trades, without adequate preparation. The ambitious thought stirring in most young men's minds is what career they shall choose; not how they shall train themselves for a career. It is the ambition to do something rather than to learn how to do something; as we said, the eagerness to get a place rather than to train one's self to the duties of that place. It is unnecessary to say how opposite this is to the method which has made the Germans strong in every department of human endeavor. The leading idea in gymnasium and university is training—solid preparation for the choosen career.

A familiar illustration of our self-confidence without preparation is that of the young lady who proposes to go upon the stage with no training, and seeks a manager when she should go to an elocutionist. It is the same in other affairs. The young man's thoughts of business or of an office are not so much in relation to his ability to perform it as to get into it. No doubt all this would be better done—from cabinet-making up to law-making—if people had a habit of getting ready to do things before they began. It is worth while to stop and think to whom it is that we intrust the most delicate duty performed in human society—the making of our laws. Of course we know that our laws are made by our Legislature. And who are the legislators? These law-makers are not the proper result of our political system, but of our political machine. And here again the young man has the precocious wisdom of his generation. If he determines to go into politics, or to enter the civil service of his country, he does not prepare himself for the duties of the one nor for the position coveted in the other; he makes himself an adept in the manipulation of caucuses and the securing of the favor of those who can help him. If he seeks a Consulate at Naples, he does not study Italian; he "carries" his ward. Here, again, the American is more eager to get something than to be something; and yet it should be said in respect to the civil service that there is this excuse for the young man: there is no other way to get into it than that named. Our civil service is what the English was fifteen years ago, and it is about the most undemocratic in the world. It is closed to those who are not favored by the accident of political influence. The English service until recently was almost exclusively filled by the aristocracy; it was the patronage of Parliament and the Ministry. Now, through the door of competitive examination, it is open to the humblest lad in the land if he have talent, and we may be sure that the father of the middle class will never surrender this privilege for his son. Nor will the American people, when they understand the subject, consent that so honorable and profitable a career shall be the object of patronage and the perquisite of successful political manipulation. They will insist that it shall be open to the fair ambition of those willing to fit themselves for it. It will become a legitimate career, like law or medicine; and one advantage of opening it to public competition—and it is not unimportant—is the stimulus it will give to education.

Such are some of the present aspects of American life. The topic is fruitful of suggestions, which we have no space to follow, and it is useless to moralize. Long ago the philosophers decided that it is important what a man *is*, not what he *has*. It was an apothegm of Solon that "Satiety is generated by wealth, and insolence by satiety;" and, again, that members of a community are more effectively deterred from injustice "if those who are not injured feel as much indignation as those who are." Or, to put this in modern phrases, we see the danger of a national habit that estimates success by possession, and not by character, and nurses the delusion of equality without sympathy between classes.—*Charles Dudly Warner, in Atlantic Monthly.*

A TERRIFIC SIGN OF THE TIMES.—There are several things that injure a man more than to cut his throat. An honorable daughter dead is mourned less than a daughter dishonored. I know a school of superb culture, a temple of sanctity, where three hundred young women are gathered under the very best religious influences and the loftiest educational incitements. I have wandered up and down the halls of the palatial building in which their instruction is given; I have admired the works of art there, and had occasion to study minutely the enthusiasms for art and social improvement and religious usefulness which fill that school and vivify its lofty regard for intellectual culture. But this institution publishes no catalogue. Why? Go to the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, to the Boston society, or to the committees which have been organized to suppress vice at Providence and New Haven and Cincinnati and St. Louis and Chicago, and you will find that school catalogues are made the lattice-work through which moral lepers and assassins, secretly, at night, under the cover of the mails, throw their poison into seminaries of all grades. It is a terrific sign of the times when shrewd men of affairs, conducting a great school, dare not publish a catalogue. I show you the caution in actual exercise. Within twenty miles of Boston the resplendent school I have described stands in its stately park.—*Report of Joseph Cook's Lectures.*

The Indianapolis school commissioners have decided to make the study of dressmaking compulsory to girls in the grammar department. Only half an hour per week is to be given it at present.

## SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FLOUR—The export movement for the past three years were as follows:

| | Bbls. | Values |
|---|---|---|
| 1878 | 488,886 | $2,646,349 |
| 1877 | 435,736 | 2,681,636 |
| 1876 | 506,974 | 2,592,566 |

During the year we received from Oregon 114,585 bbls, against 110,804 in 1877. The market here is still dull. Stocks are large, and under very little export inquiry, and a decline in wheat prices, although exchanged, are not so firm.

We quote, Superfine common, $4 12½@$4 25; Superfine, $4 37½@$4 50; extra superfine, $4 62½@$4 75; choice and extra choice, $5 25@$5 50; Oregon, good to choice, $4 75@$5 12½.

WHEAT—During the six months just ended, 181 cargoes embracing 6,649,116 centals, valued at $11,248,767, have sailed from this port. In 1877, same period, 61 vessels with 2,396,730 centals worth $5,637,613 cleared, and in 1876 there were 232 clearances, bearing 7,962,203 centals, at $13,963,555. The export for this year amount to about 330,000 short tons, and it is safe to say there is not far short of that much more surplus in the State. The Liverpool market has gone lower than ever. Our shippers are free from charter engagements, and the market here is off 2½ to 5c.

We quote superfine, $1 55@$1 60; fair to choice milling, $1 65@$1 75; shipping, $1 60@$1 70.

BARLEY—There has been a good inquiry for good feed, and a fair business is done at easy prices. Brewing is dull and more or less nominal. Exports for the year aggregate 300,000 centals by sea, and 160,000 by rail.

We quote feed, 85c@$1 00; (all gold); brewing, $1 10@$1 25; chevalier, $1 50@$1 80.

CORN—Receipts for six months 135,000 centals against 90,000 last year. Offerings are large and the market easy for buyers.

We quote yellow, 92½c@$1 00; white, 95c@$1 00.

OATS—We note further large receipts for Oregon and the Sound. There is very little demand, and prices decidedly lower.

We quote milling at $1 45@$1 50; good to choice feed, $1 35@$1 40; common to good feed, $1 00.

RYE—Last sale of choice at $1 25.

We quote $1 15@$1 25.

BUCKWHEAT—There is little doing. The last sale was at $1 25.

We quote $1 00@$1 25.

MILLSTUFFS—There is a moderate amount of business done, but prices favor the buyer.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bran, per ton | 15 00@16 00 |
| Middlings, per ton | 22 00@23 00 |
| Corn, ground, per ton, gold | 24 00@25 00 |
| Barley, ground, per ton, gold | 21 00@23 00 |

HOPS—There is very little doing, and stocks here are large; nor is there much sign of any improvement.

We quote California 8@10c; Oregon and Washington Territory 6@9c.

WOOL—Receipts for six months past are nearly 5,000 bales short of last year although Oregon has sent us 6,000 bales more than last year. There is very little doing owing to smallness of stocks here.

We quote: Northern, Fall, 10@17½; Southern, Fall, 8@13c; northern, choice, 21@22c; northern, fair to good, 19@20c; southern, fair to good, 14@18c; Eastern Oregon, 18c; Valley 20@22.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—The *San Francisco Price Current* has the following:

BUTTER—The demand has been about equal to the supply, and prices have ruled pretty steady. Larger receipts last Friday eased the market a trifle, and ample supply with a steadily good demand have kept it so ever since. At the close the market is well supplied and easy at quotations.

CHEESE—The market is very quiet at previous prices.

EGGS—Receipts continue to come in freely. Western shipments still arriving but Utah ceased. Heavy shipments at Portland have broken the market to 25c, and Oregon is again shipping to this market; the last receipt sold well at 32½. Domestic supplies are large. The demand is very light and the market soft and lower, with a very soft undertone.

We quote: California choice fresh roll butter, 35@37½c; common to good roll, 25@32½c; Cheese, California, 10@12½c; Western Cheese, 10@12c ₩ lb; California Eggs, 30@35c; Eastern, 25@30c; Utah, 30c.

HAY AND STRAW—There is very little choice hay coming in, and for such as is offering, prices are easy, but strictly choice will bring good rates.

We quote: Wheat, good to prime, ₩ ton $14 00@$16 00; wheat, fair to medium, $12 00@$12 50; oats, wild, ₩ ton, $8 50@$12 50; barley, choice, $12 50@$14 00; barley, ₩ ton, $9 00@$10 50; stock, $7 50@$10 00; straw, ₩ bale, 40@50c.

BAGS AND BAGGING—Prices are entirely nominal as business is at a complete standstill. Contracts for the future cannot be affected under the dry weather.

We quote: Machine-sewed, 22x36, 8½@9c; Hand-sewed, 22x36, 8½@9c; Gunnies, as to weight, 13@13½c; Oat bags, favorite sizes, 14@15c; Wool sacks, heavy, 50@52½c; Wool sacks, light, 47½@50c; Flour bags, ½-sacks, 4½@5c; Flour bags, ¼-sacks, 8@9c.

PROVISIONS—Receipts from the East are large. There is absolutely no demand. Jobbers are lower; their rates hoping to stimulate business.

We quote: California plain Hams, 10@11; Eastern Canvassed C. S. C. Hams, 11@13c, as to brand; California Lard, 8@9c; Eastern do, 9@11c; California Bacon, 8@10c; Eastern Bacon, 9@11c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 ₩ bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 50 ₩ bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$6 00; Pork ₩ bbl, $13 00@$20 00.

SALMON AND SMOKED FISH—The market is quiet and prices favor buyers.

We quote, $1 32½@$1 35 for 1-lb tins; bbl, $11; hf bbl, $6 00; all as to quality, where caught and grade of fish. Cod, Pacific, bdls 5@6c ₩ lb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod boneless, Eastern, 9@10c ₩ lb; Georges Cod, 9c ₩ lb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00@$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 00@$10 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2, $2 00@$2 25.

POTATOES—Receipts have been smaller, and for good and choice, prices are firm at a slight advance. Sweets are about done; onions are scarce and dearer.

We quote: Choice, $1 30@$1 40; Good, 1 15@$1 25; Fair, 70@90c; Poor, 50@60c; Sweet, $1 50@$2 00.

POULTRY—Supplies of turkeys have been in excess, and prices have ruled very low. After the holidays there is no demand and stocks cannot be cleaned up at any fair price. Other poultry is about steady with small demand.

We quote: Turkeys, alive, 14@16c; Hens, ₩ doz, $7 00@$9 00; Roosters, ₩ doz $6 00@$7 00; Broilers, ₩ doz, $3 50@$6 00; Ducks, ₩ doz, $6 00@$9 00; Geese, ₩ pair, $2 00@$2 75.

LIVE STOCK AND MEATS—We note a slight advance on beef and hogs; mutton steady; veal and lamb sharply advanced.

We quote: Beef, first quality, dressed net, ₩ lb 5½@6½c; beef, second quality, dressed net, ₩ lb 4½@5½c: beef, third quality, ₩ lb 4@4½c; mutton, choice, dressed, ₩ lb 3@4½; hogs, first quality, gross, ₩ lb 3⅝@3¾c; hogs, second quality, gross, ₩ lb, 3⅛@3⅝c, hogs, dressed, ₩ lb, 5@5½c; veal, small, ₩ lb, 7@8c; veal, large, ₩ lb, 6@7c; lamb, spring, ₩ lb, 10@12c.

HONEY—Quiet; unchanged.

We quote: Comb, 8@11c; strained, 4@6c.

BEANS, DRIED PEAS—Under large offerings and small demand, prices are more easy.

We quote: Peas, ₩ 100 lbs, $3 00@$—; Butter, large, ₩ 100 lbs, $3 00@$—; Lima, ₩ 100 lbs, $4 00@$4 75; Red, ₩ 100 lbs, $1 75; Pink, ₩ 100 lbs, $1 75; Bayos, ₩ 100 lbs, $1 87½@$2 00; Small, white, ₩ 100 lbs, $3 00@$—; Dried Peas, ₩ 100 lbs, $1 00@$1 50.

BEESWAX—Sales seem impossible at anything over 20c.

We quote 20@22½c.

The cost of maintaining our public schools varies greatly in the different large cities. In Boston and San Francisco the cost of instruction per pupil is very high, being $25 94 and $24 61 respectively. In Philadelphia it is only $12 71; Richmond pays $13 71; New Orleans $21 90, and New York $21 99. The South is not behindhand, it appears. Incidental expenses vary in about the same way: Boston, $10 21; San Francisco, $9 81; Richmond, $2 61; New Orleans, $5 12; New York, $5 68; but in Philadelphia, strangely enough, it is $7 26.

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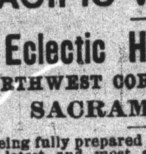
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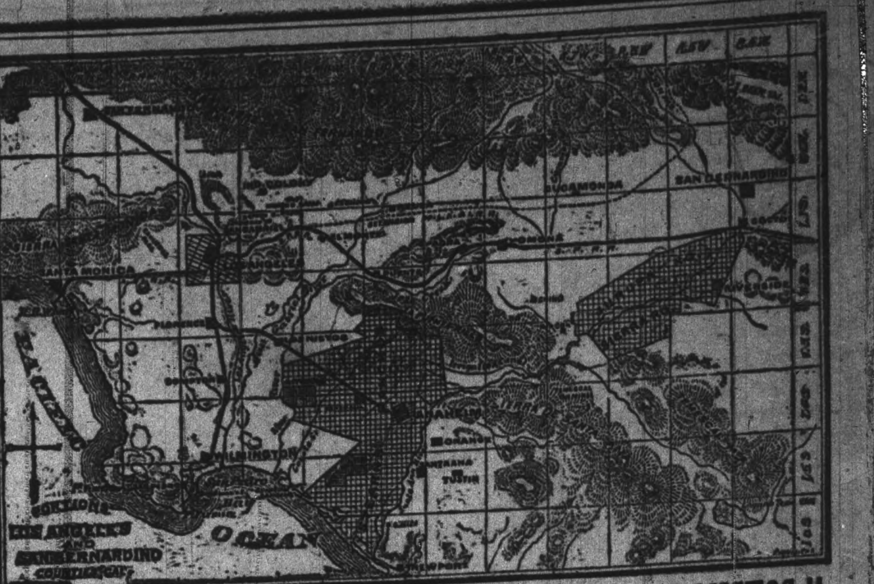
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Within the body of the table are compartments for FLOUR and MEAL, and all ingredients and utensils used in mixing. A kneading board is fitted in, close to the flour. Underneath is a shelf for baking pans, flat irons and ironing sheets.
For convenience in transporting, the legs unship and are packed inside





A represents the top of the table, open.
B the body of the table.
C the space for mixing ingredients.
D the space for mixing utensils
E the space for 25 lbs. meal,
F the space for 50 lbs. flour.
G the tray, spices and essences.
H the kneading board.
I the shelf.
JJ the space for baking pans, ironing sheet, flat irons, &c.
K the door to close up the same.
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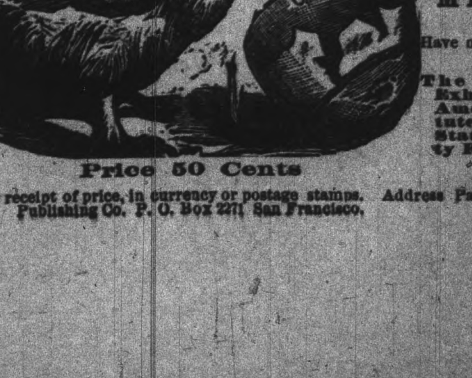
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